

The World.

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A DAILY HINT FROM McDUGALL.



It is evident that an old and practiced hand is shaking the box.

ON WITH THE MUSIC!

CORPORATION COUNSEL WHALEN has rendered a decision to the effect that it is not a criminal offense for a hotel or restaurant to furnish music while serving meals.

Wise Whalen!

The Corporation Counsel has also decided that dancing in a public hall, whether an admission fee is charged or not, is not a criminal offense. This will permit the opening up of the most notorious resorts everywhere, and the payment and collection of blackmail may go on without interruption.

Foxy Whalen!

The Corporation Counsel in his decision said nothing about the payment of moneys by criminals to police officials to be permitted to run dives of all kinds. The point under discussion in New York at present is whether the police shall be allowed to accept moneys from notorious divers to protect them in their nefarious business in violation of the law. On this all-important subject the Corporation Counsel is dumb.

Blind Whalen!

BOXING AND THE LAW.

BEHOLD how small an editorial twist can put the sense of things all wrong. Says the Herald of this morning:

A regular feature of the Chicago Boys' High School is boxing matches, each "go" being a six-round "mill" with six-ounce gloves, all under the supervision of one of the professors. And New York is trying to repeal the boxing law!

The Horton law, which is the New York boxing law, has been allowed to die a brutal death by non-enforcement.

Repeal is to be simply a decent interment of the mangled remains.

There is no law to prevent the giving of boxing lessons to the boys in the public schools. A very interesting discussion of the matter, going on in the Evening World, has shown much popular favor for that sort of instruction.

The distinction between boxing and bruising is not fine. It may be said rather to placard a moral than to point it.

THIS WEEK'S GREAT DAY.

ARED-LETTER week is this which has opened upon New York. Its final day will mark the beginning of a most desirable end—an end so long sought that discouragement had come to be an habitual attendant of the pursuit.

On Saturday the first spade will enter ground toward the digging of the rapid transit tunnel. On Saturday The World's dream of "Fifteen Minutes to Harlem" will begin definitely to shape itself to realization.

The programme of exercises for the occasion is simple. But not the most elaborate pageantry could add to the inherent impressiveness of the central event. A shining addition must henceforth be noted among the great anniversaries of New York:

March 24—Rapid Transit Day.

AS TO FALLING APPLES.

IN ISAAC NEWTON, who died a hundred and seventy-three years ago to-morrow, achieved fame by discovering why apples drop from trees. For his inquiring mind he is entitled to the commendation of the most prevalent political scientists. These philosophers of to-day do not ask why fruit falls, they only hold out baskets.

There are some principles of gravitation which ought to impress themselves upon these common gentlemen later. When the Grand Jury is called upon to decide upon the charges against some things which have been going on up to will be observed coming rapidly down. They will know both how and why some things fall.

Women's Music Bands.

There are eight or nine professional bands in London which are composed exclusively of women, who are paid from \$10 to \$20 a week. It would appear that the women of London are doing some orchestra playing. In fact, the women of London are doing some orchestra playing. In fact, the women of London are doing some orchestra playing.

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKS LIKE HER HUSBAND'S MOTHER.

By Laura Jean Libbey.



COAXING BACK HER YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

It would be the cruellest torture to see a living life through the years to come. There is another question which I should like to call your attention to which expresses the situation eloquently:

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Tell the young man the truth about your age, and then, if his love is so true that he still wishes for the marriage, you can go as seems wisest and best to you after long and earnest reflection.

Remember, women age much faster than men when they do commence to fade.

love for you by laying his noble heart at your feet. You tell me, such as you describe yours to be, are a gift direct from the hand of God, but He does not give them to you for the object of deceiving a human being, as you purpose doing.

Do not build your hopes too strongly upon your youthful beauty.

You may indeed look many years younger than you are, but the years are there, and all that is mortal must fall sooner or later before grim Time's scythe. Days, weeks and years do not stand still, but whirl you from golden youth to midsummer and then to life's autumn almost before we are aware.

And as they go they steal almost imperceptibly the bloom from our cheeks, the brightness from our eyes and plant lines upon the lovely faces and silver threads in the bonny tresses that were our pride, age and steal the elasticity from our steps no matter how we fight against it or how young our hearts still feel.

This is the law of inexorable nature.

Women have married men younger than themselves, and have claimed to have lived happily with them. Still, I should counsel women to marry a man older than themselves if it be possible, even though it be but a year or a month.

Shakespeare says:

"Let still the woman take
An older than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

There is a world of wisdom in these words to a woman who is young.

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THE WIFE MAY BE OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK LIKE HER HUSBAND'S MOTHER.

And the saddest of all sights is to see a woman vainly endeavoring to coax the freshness of youth to stay by her after she has arrived at that age when she should have peace, care and love.

The torment of the woman who comes to a realization that she is growing to look more like her husband's mother than his wife is worse than the tortures of the rack—a living death.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Page.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A prize of \$25 will be awarded each week for the best original short love story. The prize-winner will be printed in Saturday's Evening World. All accepted stories will be paid for—\$5 each. Stories must not exceed 700 words—500 words preferred. Send MS. to Prize Love Story Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 2,354, New York City.

HER WEAK POINT.

By Alice G. Steele, 455 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JACK MASTERS was in a dilemma. Pretty little Maude Galloway had proved her heart adamant to his weekly calls and undivided devotion, to say nothing of the violets in lace paper and Huyler's most exclusive bonbons which he sent to her fifteen days in the month.

He was too proud to brook a refusal, and to all appearances the wind blew in the wrong direction, so the poor fellow grew thin as his shadow, and lost all his appetite for oyster suppers and "lobster à la Newburg."

One day he summed up Maude's strong points, which were mostly against him, and then, as a natural sequence, studied her weak points also. To his knowledge she only possessed three—a love of her own sweet will, a hatred of mice and an absolute and unchangeable fear of ghosts.

Jack didn't really think that she believed in her heart of hearts that such things as ghosts walked the ordinary ways of mortals in this prosaic nineteenth century, but she had a way of drawing close to the fellows on moonlit nights out-of-doors, or even in the dimly lighted parlor, and of shuddering at mysterious sounds in the prettiest manner possible.

So, though she never sought his side in her fear,



"SEE, SEE, JACK! THERE BY THE WALL!" poor fellow, Jack was quite certain she believed in them. And, as he reasoned thus, an idea came to him.

Maude Galloway sat in her ideal suburban home waiting for the evening caller. To-night it was to be Jack; he always came on Wednesdays.

From the crown of her fluffy head to the tip of her ridiculously small slipper she was in order. When she heard Jack's ring she went calmly over to the divan, smiling to herself as she spread her skirts out in a way that prevented him from daring to sit beside her.

For an hour they talked commonplace, and then Jack, unusually light-hearted, begged her to go for a stroll, just down to the open lots at the end of the roadway. She dated on evening walks—even Jack was bearable under the kind light of the moon—so they sallied forth, Jack tenderly arranging the fleecy scarf about her shoulders.

They reached the open space and stood for a moment against the low stone fence to rest. It was dark and cool and still. Involuntarily she drew closer to him.

"Feels rather creepy, doesn't it?" said Jack sentimentally.

She leaned her head on the stones and nodded. Suddenly a wild shriek rent the air and caused her to start involuntarily.

"Oh, Jack, what is it?" Her lips were tremulous, her eyes wide with fright.

"Ghosts!" he said, under his breath.

She hurriedly sought his side for protection, and he put her arm in his.

Another shriek, still more unearthly than the first. She cried aloud in her terror.

"See, see, Jack; there by the wall!" and sure enough a dark shadow was silhouetted against the gray stones.

"It's a ghost, as I said," he muttered.

"Oh, Jack, dear Jack, save me!"

He put his arm around her waist, the most natural thing to do under the circumstances.

"Flee!" he said, then picking up one of the loose stones turned and faced the apparition.

"Be ye man or woman, oh spirit of evil, depart!" he thundered in sepulchral tones, flinging the missile straight at the intruder.

A wild cry, a scamp—was gone, and all was still.

Maude hid her face against his shoulder. "Ghosts, little girl, it is gone. I have vanquished it," he said proudly. "Let us go home."

Without a word she put her arms around his neck. "Jack, you are so brave!" she murmured brokenly.

"May I be your protector through life?" he asked tenderly. And she whispered "yes."

But she never knew that Farmer Long's donkey had been hired for the occasion.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Lotions Will Not Help But.

MESS C.—Vocal culture with massage and electricity will usually restore flabby breasts. There is no one restored lotion that will do this work.

When Hair is Extracted.

HAIR.—The preparation to be rubbed into the skin after extracting the superfluous hair with the crescent is composed of bismuth and glycerine, just enough glycerine to moisten the bismuth.

Something Wrong with Scalp.

R. C.—Where the hair falls out and does not grow there is something wrong with the circulation of the scalp. If I were in your place I should have the child's head treated by some one thoroughly understanding scalp massage.

A Mustache Grower.

MRS. R. C.—Tell your husband to try this formula, which is usually very effective and encouraging to the growth of the mustache, and will also darken the color slightly: Red vasoline, two ounces; tincture capsaicin, one-half ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops each. Apply to the roots of the mustache at night. Let it remain until the following morning, when it may be washed away with a hot soap and warm water. It may be used as often as desired.

A Weakness of Her Sex.

The Emperor of China has a weakness for diamonds and wears them in spite of a Chinese law forbidding them to wear jewels.

FUN FOR EVERYBODY.

SUMMERS LA MODE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Old Neptune to the mermaid said.
She combed the seaweed from her hair
And said: "I'm off to Sir Eel's lair;
And when I rob him of his shirt
I'll make myself a new eel skirt."

AN EPICURE.



Judge—Have you anything to say, prisoner?
Prisoner—Only this, Your Honor, that if I'm convicted I should like to be sent to jail as soon as possible, so as not to be late to dinner!

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Officer—Where are you going?
Roster—B-been to a wedding, officer.
Officer—You appear to have a wooden leg.
Roster—Yeah! B-been to a wooden wedding, officer.

A POOR LOOKOUT FOR HIM



"You're a darned young spendthrift, sir, and in future I'll have you to know you stand on your own legs!"

WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

"What time will you be home, dear?" asked the young wife as her husband started downtown after breakfast.
"Oh, about 1 P. M., I guess," was the reply.
"You mean 1 P. M., don't you?" she asked.
"No," replied the heartless wretch, "I mean just what I said—1 P. M. to-morrow, see?"

TUCKS NOW ON EVERYTHING.

THE vogue of the tuck is something startling. Everything is tucked from milady's hat to the bow on her dainty evening slipper.

The shirt waist reveals in tucks until one is ready to vote the shirt which boasts none a sorry affair. Then there's the entire bodice, for evening wear or otherwise, which is tucked, and very beautiful it is. In some elaborate instances the entire dress is tucked to below the knees.

Then there's a mere tucked yoke, most dainty little finish in taffeta for a taut little blouse bodice. The tucked gumpie is the yoke plus sleeves, though it is tucked in the opposite direction—crosswise that is. The one pictured is of mousseline.

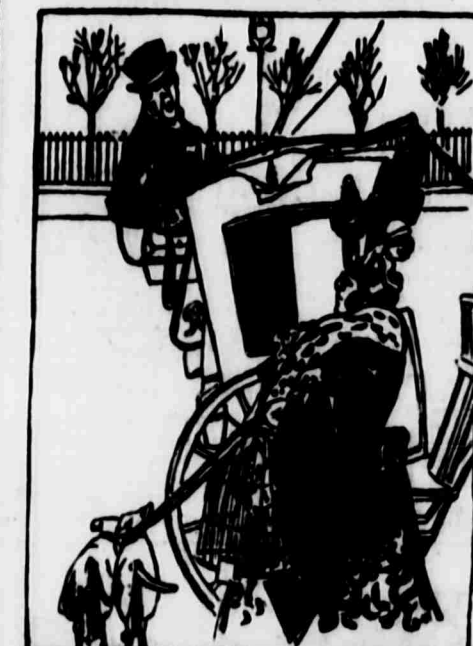
As we all know, the world of lingerie rests on a foundation of tucks. A few ornaments the plainer specimens, while the splendid sorts are masses of tucks, tucks bias, tucks straight, tucks in lattice effect, tucks without number.

Whole petticoats and chemises are formed of lengthwise tucks.

Spicy Cigar Boxes.

THAT spicy odor that you notice in the cigar box comes from the wood of which it is made. It is not because it is impregnated with the tobacco. On the contrary, the tobacco takes the flavor of the wood. That is the reason why a particular kind of wood is used for the boxes of all the best cigars. It is Spanish cedar. It is an expensive wood, and spicy, and the only kind which has been found to improve the flavor of the cigar.

SARCASM A LA JEHU.



"Well, take you an' yer dear pets for a sizenpenny ride? Ho, you, most certainly. Why, hain't I Mr. Jamrack, and hain't this yer keb the Noah's Ark? Er, corse hit is; and adn't yer better let Polly ride on top so's hi can teach er a little choice Hindostanese, an' mebbe hi'll lend er my 'at ter lay beens in—an'—but, oh, my—where's Fussie? There, nah, ye've forgotten poor ole Thomas! Run 'ome fer 'im at once, there's a good little gal, an' while yer at it bring ther rabbit 'utch, ther chickens, ther blind kenary, ther white mice and ther goldfish bin ther aquarium. Cor, pussie er'll worst sumfin' ter ply wif; and will hi really wait 'ere fer yer? Why, er, corse; what oh; what do you fink?"—Fussie.

WILLING TO BE A SLAVE.



Paul—This is what I've written, dear: "The season draws rapidly to a close, and the poor slaves of fashion, released from the weary treadmill of society, with its hollow formalisms, its empty shibboleths, may breathe a freer atmosphere."
Virginia—Yes, Paul, that's splendid; and oh, how I wish you were writing from our own experience!

THE WORLD'S LA GRIPPE CURE.

Phenacetine 15 grains
Quinine 15 grains
Cocaine 3-6 grains

Divide this quantity into six powders and take one every four or five hours; after that take one every two or three hours.

This does in for an adult. Any druggist will put it up for you.

Baby's Wireless Telephone Plan.

HIS Rev. Case Davis, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Warren, Ill., has a daughter nearly three years of age who is very particular about saying her prayers before retiring each night. One evening last week her mother was detained from hearing her prayers at the usual hour, and little Louise waited patiently some time. Finally patience ceased to be a virtue with her and she climbed upon a chair and, taking down the receiver of the telephone, shouted into it:

"Hello, Central; div me Heaven. I want to say my prayers."

PARIS NOVELTIES IN FOOTWEAR.



THE beautiful stocking at the right is of fine white silk, cut out up to the ankle to display a fine applique of Duchess lace. The same may be had in black, the lace being of Brussels point. The accompanying slipper is of black patent leather with a bonded satin bow. This plain slipper costs \$2.50, the costliest being chosen at 50 cents a pair.

The stocking in the centre comes either in black or white. It is of fine silk with three rows of Val insertion let in up the instep and a slight embroidery between. A modish patent leather slipper with a shaped tongue has a large square head buckle of "gold."

At the left you see a dainty stocking in black and white silk. It is composed of white "boots" and black tops with a pretty showing of "broderie at the joining. A black diamond in openwork effect shows black cubes around the edge.

Artificial Oysters.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the latest thing in Paris is the "imitated" oyster. As the demand for the delicious bivalve is far in excess of the supply, ingenious Parisian caterers have bethought themselves of manufacturing false oysters, which are made of some harmless gelatinous matter and served in real shells, properly flavored with lemon juice and cayenne pepper.

BANEFUL SMART SOCIETY.

By Arnold White in the London Chronicle.

THE unit of strong nations is the family. All legislation, habits, ideals, policy or ambitions that increase the welfare and multiply the number of happy families are good for the nation. Things that stunt, diminish or ridicule domestic life are bad for the nation. This is copybook commonplace, but bedrock truth. Turkey is what it is mainly because the harem replaces family life in the upper or wealthier classes.

The note by which bad smart society may be recognized is its contempt for family life—its loathing of home. Luxury and overfeeding seven days a week kill desire for aught else but feeding and luxury. Plays and music halls, restaurant dining, eternal card-playing and the race course produce satiety, and therefore indifference to the calls of national life.

The art of conversation in smart society is extinct. Slang shibboleths, composed of baby talk and Italian or French tags to the Queen's English, form the dialect of the smart set. Disreputable women, who affect the conduct of Lais without her graces, are among the leading spirits of smart society. When the morals of the poultry yard flourish in the atmosphere of the stable it is only natural that the intelligence of the nursery is applied to the problems of empire.

To enter the charmed circle neither brains nor breeding, with nor influence, are necessary. All that is required is money, and then more money—with an insatiable contempt for the laws that are the unseen foundations of civilized society. A "useful" adventurer thus equipped can buy his way into illustrious circles as easily as he picks up a pearling at Newmarket.

Every now and then an explosion takes place, and the public learns with bewilderment that cheating at cards is a normal feature of smart society, or that women who are courtesans in all but name are no more tabooed in smart society to-day than they were excluded from the pavilion at Brighton in the days of the Prince described by Thackeray as "the first gentleman and most finished blackguard in Europe."

A Weakness of Her Sex.

The Emperor of China has a weakness for diamonds and wears them in spite of a Chinese law forbidding them to wear jewels.